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Contents.

	PAGE
Work and Play.—By Rev. S. H. Mellone, M.A., D.Sc.	1
Lessons from the Book of Isaiah.—By Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D.	2
Milton.—By Rev. W. S. Smith	4
A German Christmas.—By Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D.	6
Unity Guild	8
Obituary:—	
Mr. John Pinkerton, J.P., Ballymoney	8
Miss Reid, Islandmagee	9
Reports:—Belfast First Church; Holywood; Moira; Templepatrick ...	10

WORK AND PLAY.

By Rev. S. H. Mellone, M.A., D.Sc.

III.

IT is a very mischievous and stupid mistake to restrict the meaning of "labour" to hand-labour. Yet this is often done in arguments about labour and capital. Let us just glance at some of the varieties of useful labour. They all consist in the *production and distribution of wealth.* When we say this, we mean by "wealth" not money, but *useful things;* and the things are "useful" either because they serve mainly the mental, the intellectual, and spiritual side of life, or because they serve mainly the bodily or material side. Of course, the world takes for granted that the only real wealth is material wealth. It is as Emerson said: "*Things* are in the saddle and ride mankind"; although, at the same time, everybody who stops to think knows quite well that *the only real wealth is mental and spiritual wealth*—that is, at bottom, *true manhood.* For what does it practically mean, when men deprive themselves, or are deprived, of this real wealth? The practical result is that they are unintelligent and immoral; and material wealth, in the hands of unintelligent and immoral men, only makes them worse than they would be without it. For this reason we say that the labour of teachers, scientific workers and reformers, of great writers and thinkers, of poets, artists, and musicians is a true production of wealth.

Only as a means to this true wealth or *welfare* (which is the original meaning of the word "wealth") has the production of material wealth any value.

Material wealth consists at bottom of the products of the earth, through mining and cultivation of the soil, made available for human use by all the many kinds of skilled trades and manufactures and by the distribution and exchange of the products through the vast organisation of commerce, or "business"; every branch of this multitudinous labour involving as much of brain-labour, in planning and directing, as it does of hand-labour.

And over and above all this, there is all that is involved in government—in political work, in that older and more honourable sense of the word "politics" in which it means not scheming for the interests of a party, but the responsible conducting of public affairs, making

laws and putting them into effect. All these many kinds of work, from that of Urban Councillors to that of Ministers of State, from that of policemen to that of judges, belong to the useful and indispensable labours of the world.

There are things which are certainly work, and which it pays to carry on; but their results are directly harmful to the world, even within the limits of what is legal. It pays to run a gin palace; it pays to get up a great circulation for " yellow " journals, miscalled newspapers, full of " snippets " and sensation, requiring neither attention nor thought to read; it pays to circulate worthless and harmful books; it pays sometimes to speculate and gamble in stocks and shares, though by money made thus nothing is added to the welfare of the world; it pays to start dishonest Limited Liability Companies; a lawyer may make money by promoting strife; a preacher by talking sensational nonsense or falsehood, a Government officer by mis-using the powers of his position for himself and his party.

Even without going so far as these directly mischievous and hurtful enterprises, work may produce untold harm simply because it is badly done. A bad workman is to that extent a bad man, no matter what the worldly rank of his work may be. The man who lays a drain as well and thoroughly as it can be done, is a far more useful and honourable member of society than many a financier, merchant, lawyer, or preacher. But to lay a drain so that it shall be a breeding-place for fever, is to inflict suffering and danger on nobody knows how many persons far and near.

Somebody once said that evil begets evil. This matter of workmen scamping their work is an example of it. For there are many employers and masters —among those who have not oppressed their workmen nor ground them down— who by their actual experiences have been led to believe that the average workman carries on his work in the worst possible spirit, does as little as he can, wastes time and works badly in every way that is possible for him. To bring such a charge against British working men as a whole class would be absurd; but there is just enough truth in it to make it a fruitful source of mischief. For example, it is one of the greatest barriers in the way of securing a really sympathetic interest in the aims of the Labour Party. Employers who have had the experience of which we speak can point to actual facts in support of their opinions. Of course there are excuses to be made for the workmen. But that is not the point. The workmen have duties as well as rights. The point is that it is as foolish as it is immoral for them to attempt to secure their rights by neglecting their duties. Though the settlement of the wages lies between master and man, the work does not. It is and must be done for the world. Others depend on its being well and faithfully performed, and suffer if it is not.

The wages are a matter of bargaining between master and man, and the men are right to stand out for the best terms that they can get. But the bargain once made, they are bound to fulfil their part of it as well and thoroughly as they can.

LESSONS FROM THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

[In connection with the Scheme of Systematic Instruction for the Sunday Schools of the Irish Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Association, 1908-9]

V.

[CONTINUED]

By REV. H. J. ROSSINGTON, M.A., B.D.

Third Passage (*Isaiah l.* 4-9).

4. The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned.

5. The Lord God hath opened my ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back.

6. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

7. For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.

8. He is near that justifieth me; Who will contend with me? let us stand together: who is my adversary? let him come near to me.

9. Behold, the Lord God will help me; who is he that shall condemn me? lo, they all shall wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up.

It will be noticed that in the above passage the word "Servant" does not appear. But no one can read it carefully without seeing its relation to what has gone before. As in the former passage (*Is. xlix.* 1-6) the speaker tells us about himself and his work, as well as of Him who has prepared him for that work. Further, we see how in both the kind of work is mentioned. When we are told that his mouth has been made "like a sharp sword" we have an easy transition to the statement contained in the first verse: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." That is to say, he has been made ready to deliver the divine message to the nations. Before he was fit to speak he had to learn—he had to become a disciple or pupil of Yahweh. Hence that is the relationship he emphasises—that of a pupil to a master. The latter instructs, the diligent pupil takes in the instruction. This is what is meant by the words: "He wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back." That surely has a lesson for all of us. Before we can teach we must learn; just as before we are fit to command we must learn to obey. Yahweh's Servant had done what we all must do if we would deliver a divine message—we must incline our ear to receive it.

But it sometimes happens that much is demanded from the one who does divine work faithfully. Those for whom the message is meant will not listen to it. Sometimes they cruelly ill-treat and even kill the faithful messenger. It is this fact which makes a great German writer, Heine, say: "Whenever a great soul gives utterance to its truth there is Golgotha." That is a sad reflection and makes us realise why it is that so many men have given much earnest thought to the problem of suffering. We cannot consider that problem now, but we shall be compelled to do so when, in our next lesson, we are concerned with perhaps the most familiar passage in the Book of Isaiah (*lii.* 13—*liii.*) It is the Servant's reference to his suffering which accords with, and prepares us for, such a pathetic utterance as, "He was oppressed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth" (*Is. liii.* 7). In both passages the sufferer is the same, viz., the Servant of Yahweh, and by the latter we understand that the prophet means Israel. Leaving over for fuller treatment the thought of great and unmerited suffering we can learn what it is to suffer bravely and serenely, and how inspiring is the thought that God understands all about it and estimates it at its true value. The Servant does not despair or become depressed. He persists in the performance of his divine task, knowing that God will not forsake him or see him confounded. That is the clue to this great utterance of the Servant: "For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." The two following verses (*Is. l.* 8-9) merely repeat in a slightly different way the same ground of assurance. Perhaps we can think of our suffering in the same way and trust with equal confidence to the divine ruling if we recall that other great utterance: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (*Romans viii.* 31). That is how the thought of his suffering presents itself to the Servant. No wonder, therefore, that with unabated courage he continues the work God has given him to do.

MILTON AND HIS THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS.

By Rev. W. S. Smith.

John Milton.
(*From the picture by Pieter Van der Plaas, in the National Portrait Gallery, London*).

DECEMBER the 9th, 1608, was the natal day of England's greatest poet, John Milton; and as some public notice is to be taken of the 300th recurrence of that date, a few words respecting him will not be out of place.

Milton was a man of marvellous intellectual acquirements, gained in the public school and the University, the learned languages becoming to him almost as familiar as his mother tongue. He wrote on many subjects: history, politics, religion, in addition to his poetical compositions. When the execution of Charles I. took place, he wrote a defence of the act, for which the Almighty subsequently punished him with blindness — so some declared. When Cromwell assumed the reins of Government, Milton became Secretary to the Council of State, and consequently exercised great influence; and at times in dealing with opponents hurled opprobrious and most undignified epithets against them, which did not redound to his honour. Though he outlived Cromwell, he fared better than he probably expected when Charles II. came to the throne, for he neither lost his worldly possessions, his home, nor his head. Those in high places besought the royal clemency in his behalf, and so he was allowed to live in peace, when he devoted himself to subjects less exciting than politics. He died in 1674.

Though early interested in Scriptural study, he appears in the latter part of his life to have devoted much attention to it, and being in politics a Republican, he was for his day, a Radical in theology. But this fact was known to few, and so after his death the orthodox world consoled itself with the thought that Milton had lived and died in the Trinitarian faith—faith in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—a faith not delivered to the saints. For nearly 150 years the religious world rested in this assurance, but in 1825 it had to endure a rude awakening. Though Milton while living had revealed something of his thought, he had not revealed all. In 1823 there was discovered in the State Paper Office a treatise in Latin on Christian Doctrine, which proved to have been written by Milton. This was brought under the notice of the King, who had it translated by his own librarian, and it was afterwards printed by his command. Then the theological dovecots became lively places, and the orthodox world stood aghast. "What! Milton not a Trinitarian! Impossible!" So we imagine we can hear some exclaiming. And certainly, the revelation seemed an unfortunate one for those who believed that theology was in Milton's day secure as they conceived it had been from the beginning, was then, and ever would be. What was to be done? Clerical eyes were rubbed, and rubbed again, but there were the facts. Milton was not orthodox.

The Unitarians were not slow to make use of the revelations. Channing, in the United States, called public attention to the book, and there were published in London portions of it dealing

with the Son of God, and the Holy Spirit, and also the Preface. In these, great candour is displayed on the part of the writer. He speaks as he believes the Scriptures teach, and accepts the said teaching. It is from this latter publication, issued with the title of "John Milton's Last Thoughts on the Trinity," that the few extracts which follow are taken. These clearly show that Milton could not have been a Trinitarian, and that neither the Deity of Jesus Christ, nor of the Holy Spirit, is taught in the Scriptures.

Preparatory to discussing these fundamental questions, Milton clears the air by speaking in praise of liberty of thought and the use of reason, in a way which undermines the practice of setting up fixed creeds. He says it is of great concern "to the Christian religion, that liberty be granted, not only of openly winnowing and sifting every doctrine, but also of thinking and writing concerning it, according to every man's conviction, for without liberty, religion is nought, yea the Gospel is nought; all is force, by which it is disgraceful and base that Christianity should be upheld." Again, "For myself, I hold to the Scriptures alone. I follow no sect or party." And again, none "should take offence at my freedom, particularly as I impose my authority on no one, but merely propose what I think more worthy of belief than the creed in general acceptation." This love of freedom on the part of Milton prepares us for boldness of expression in regard to other points. Believing in liberty of thought, he is strong in his advocacy of the use of reason in matters relating to religion. He rested, he said, his faith or judgment on no man, but drew his conclusions from the Scriptures alone.

But to the main point, the Trinity, understood of none, even in the present day, Milton's condemnation of the method of its proof is very emphatic. He quotes the words of Jesus on the oneness of God, and also those of apostles, and adds, "Though all this be so self-evident as to require no explanation . . . it is wonderful with what futile subtleties, or rather with what juggling artifices, certain individuals have endeavoured to elude or obscure the plain meaning of these passages; leaving no stone unturned, recurring to every shift, attempting every means . . . to sustain some absurd paradox from falling, by the treacherous aid of sophisms and verbal distinctions, borrowed from the barbarous ignorance of the schools"—strong language from a strong mind. He not only holds to the oneness of God, but shows that the passages claimed as proving the deity of Christ are incorrectly interpreted, as, "I and my Father are one." "When the Son," says he, "has shown in so many modes how he and the Father are one, why should I set them all aside?" Milton shows that "Christ assigns every attribute of the Deity to the Father alone;" and that to him all proper worship is due. The two-fold nature of Jesus is characterised as a "subterfuge."

Having argued so strongly and decidedly against the Trinity and the deity of Jesus Christ, almost of necessity he argues with equal force against the deity of the Holy Spirit.

I have no space to follow him further. Hundreds of passages of Scripture, apparently, are passed in review, and dismissed as not upholding the prevailing doctrine of a triune God.

We cannot be very greatly surprised that this treatise on Christian Doctrine was not printed in Milton's own day, when it is borne in mind what strange may I not say inhuman, laws in connection with religious matters, were then in force, especially in regard to the doctrine of the Trinity. To deny any of the Persons therein named was to run the risk of being put to death. No wonder therefore that thinking people had to put padlocks on their lips, and keep their lights under a bushel, and not on a candlestick. We may bless God that we live in a different age. May we strive to appreciate at their true worth our privileges, unknown to Milton—freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of worship.

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS.

By Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D.

ALREADY many of us are looking forward to Christmas and thinking of the pleasure it will bring not only to the young but also to the elders whose greatest delight it is to make the children happy. Is it not indeed of the children we chiefly think, and wonder how we can make Christmas for them a time of gladness and rejoicing? Perhaps, therefore, it may be of interest to realise how this is done in a land which first gave to the little ones that most delightful of things—the Christmas tree. German children make very much of Christmas in their homes and manage to enjoy themselves thoroughly. If we happened to be passing along the streets of a German town about this time of the year we should see outside some of the shops the first signs that Christmas was soon to appear. It would be possible to see displayed trees of all sorts and sizes—some so large as to require carting to the home of the happy possessor, some so small as to be easily carried under the arm of a small boy or girl—but all looking almost as bright and fresh and green as they looked in the great German forests. And what an attraction they would form! Even the schoolboy hurrying home from school would find time to linger and look and wonder which of the trees would find its resting-place in his own home. But not all the trees now set out will go to private houses. Many of the larger ones will be sold to decorate the churches and the large halls in the towns. The writer has seen such trees at Christmas time in some of the largest churches in Berlin; but instead of being gay with coloured balls and other bright objects they were quietly adorned with white wax candles and did not look at all inappropriate when occupying a central position in the church. But it is not with the larger trees we will concern ourselves. Rather will we try to follow some of the smaller ones into German houses and see how they add to the pleasure of the children. A few years ago the writer was living in a German house with a family of four people—father and mother and two jolly boys, with whom he had made great friends. Long before Christmas arrived one of these boys had taken him to see the shops with all their goodly stock of toys and other treasures; and had introduced him with bated breath to the rows of trees which stood on the pavement outside the windows. From that time onwards the interest grew, and the excitement became almost greater than could be borne. Fears for that boy began to make the observer uneasy. Surely no young person could survive such a strain before the event and play his part when the actual celebrations commenced! But, as the sequel will show, such fears showed too little confidence in a boy's capacity to do and to suffer in a good cause. The fateful Christmas Eve arrived—for it is on Christmas Eve that the celebrations chiefly take place in Germany. It was fairly early in the day when the same boy bounded into my room in wild excitement and announced that *the* tree had arrived. For some reason or other he did not then give much encouragement to my desire to make its acquaintance, and therefore I had to defer that pleasure. That reason appeared later—he desired the tree to be properly adorned before being presented. It was about eight o'clock the same evening when I received a polite request from the lady of the house to join the family and share their evening's amusement. Making my way along a corridor, whose dim religious light proved a fit prelude for the scene of glory I was about to see, I reached a door, the opening of which disclosed a charming picture. In the background was a large Christmas tree, brilliantly lit up with numerous small candles, and gaily adorned with brightly-coloured objects suspended from the branches. Splendid taste had been shown in the scheme of decoration and my admiration was sufficiently pronounced and articulate to satisfy even my young friend, whom

great excitement had rendered almost inarticulate at this stage of the proceedings. Having admired the tree, my attention was then drawn to a long table which stood before it. A white cloth, on which were arranged six large plates, corresponding to the number of persons present, covered the table. The purpose of the plates was speedily indicated for the lady graciously signified that she would be delighted if I regarded the contents of one of the plates as my own. I then perceived that immediately before me, and bearing resemblance to the contents of the other plates, were figs, nuts, fancy cakes, and similar articles. In addition to this common foundation, the four plates before the members of the family bore a superstructure of appropriate gifts. The second boy, of a more studious bent, had received a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," translated into German. In subsequent days I was able to mark the progress of the reading by the exclamations which its exciting episodes called forth. Every member of the family read the book, and as it had been a very early favourite of my own it was interesting to note the kind of impression it made upon German readers. But music no less than literature has its impressions and its periods of progress. Let me speak of them. The younger boy, my particular friend, being musical in his tastes, received, amongst other gifts, a mouth organ. His gratitude for the gift was only equalled by the avidity with which he sought to test its varied powers of expression. Many a time in later days was I recalled from abstruse speculations to the stern realities of life by the piercing notes of that mouth organ as my young friend serenaded me outside my study door. However, I am anticipating, and must complete my picture of Christmas Eve and its celebrations. The sixth plate, whose contents were identical with my own, was for a German student who, like myself, was an honoured guest at the table. For two or three hours we remained in friendly and oft jovial intercourse, cracking nuts and jokes, telling stories, comparing notes about Christmas as celebrated in different lands. When at last I took my departure I did so with regret, feeling that I had spent one of the happiest evenings of my life in a simple, unaffected, but withal genuinely hearty and hospitable German household. There was no formal kind of amusement. That, however, was not missed, since there was that free, glad outpouring of soul which is the essence of true social pleasure and which serves to make Christmas everywhere so joyous and so welcome. But in German households where the children are younger, the proceedings have a character of their own. The young ones join hands and form themselves in a circle round the Christmas tree. Then, as they whirl round, they sing some simple refrain or repeat the words of some old carol or folk song. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the Christmas tree and its delights are only for the young or for those who make glad provision for youthful pleasure. It so happened that on the Christmas Day following upon the event described above I paid a visit to a friend living in the house of a German lady of fairly advanced years. I was informed that it would give her great pleasure if I asked to see her Christmas tree. Somewhat surprised at hearing of such a thing there, as I knew there were no young children connected with the house, I nevertheless made the request and was immediately taken to a large room adjoining. No glad shouts from young people greeted me as I entered. There, in bright and gorgeous array, but in lonely splendour, was a fine Christmas tree, even larger than the one I had seen under such happy circumstances the night before. Great, however, as was my appreciation and glad as I was to perceive that my ungrudging admiration gave much satisfaction to my hostess, there was just a touch of pathos in the scene. I learned that it was many years since the lady had left a happy country home, where she was one of a large household, to live a solitary life in a large city. But during that time

not a single Christmas had come when she had not procured a large tree and adorned it as they used to do when she was a girl at home. Rarely had any children encircled it with joyous songs and merry laughter; sometimes no eye had beheld it but her own. Yet still it seemed worth while to keep up the old custom and recall the old memories and keep alive in the heart the sentiment of domestic happiness which at no time is so strong as at Christmas. As I listened and beheld I felt that in Germany as in Ireland our simplest and most homely pleasures are the strongest and the purest, as well as those to which we look back with fondest memory in later years. May such pleasures be the happy portion of all my readers in the Christmas so soon to come!

Unity Guild.—The opening Meeting of above Guild for present session took place in Rosemary Hall, on Wednesday, October 21st, the President (Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D.) in the chair. Considering the inclemency of the night, following on a spell of beautiful days, there was a fair attendance of members. Following refreshments the gathering took the character of a social meeting. Songs were contributed by Miss Millar, and Miss Sloan (Comber), whilst Miss Kelly rendered a couple of violin solos in good style. Mr. Barker contributed to the gaiety of the evening with a couple of humorous readings. In welcoming the Guild to Rosemary Hall, Rev. W. H. Drummond expressed the hope that the Committee would adopt ways and means to see that in the near future the organisation of the Guild would be used for the purpose of doing some good and useful work in the city. A report of the President's lecture on "John Milton, Poet and Puritan," will appear in our next issue. The December meeting will be held in York Street Lecture Hall on Wednesday, the 16th, when Mr. M'I. Cleland will give a Lantern Lecture, entitled "Bits from my Camera," etc.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN PINKERTON, J.P.

The startlingly sudden death of Mr. Pinkerton took place at his residence, Secon, near Ballymoney, on the morning of the 4th November. In the early morning he was apparently in his usual health and went out before breakfast to look after a pony. On returning to the house he sat down and remarked to his wife that he felt unwell and immediately fell forward and expired. Some years ago he suffered from a cardiac affection but had apparently quite recovered from the attack and to the last appeared strong and robust.

He was born on 4th June, 1845, and three years later his father was killed by being thrown from a horse. He was educated at Rev. Joseph M'Fadden's school in Ballymoney and in his earlier days assisted his uncle who was an extensive farmer and linen merchant.

Mr. Pinkerton was a Justice of the Peace for County Antrim, a much respected member of the Ballymoney

Rural District Council, and an energetic member of the North Antrim Agricultural Association. He was deeply interested in the temperance movement, and was a vice-president of the Irish Temperance League. At the general election in 1885 he sought the Parliamentary representation of North Antrim as an Independent Liberal, but was defeated in the contest by Mr. Edward Macnaghten, Q.C. (now Lord Macnaghten) who was returned by a large majority, Mr. Pinkerton polling close upon 2,000 votes on the occasion. Immediately after the declaration of the poll, Mr. Pinkerton threw in his lot with the Nationalist Party and in the year 1886 was nominated and returned unopposed as M.P. for Galway City, which he represented until 1900, when he retired from Parliamentary duties. He was constant in his duties as a magistrate, and frequently acted as chairman of the Ballymoney Petty Sessions.

Mr. Pinkerton leaves a wife and a son and daughter to mourn his loss. His son, Mr. John W. Pinkerton, is a solicitor practising in Ballymoney, and it will be remembered by many of our readers that the late Rev. Samuel Pinkerton, B.A., of Newry, was a relative. The funeral took place on Friday, the 6th November, to the Ballymoney New Churchyard, when an immense concourse of friends gathered to pay the last tributes of respect. Divine service was conducted at the late home of the deceased and at the graveside by Rev. David Matts, minister of the Ballymoney Unitarian Church, of which the late Mr. Pinkerton was a devoted member.

Miss Reid, Islandmagee.

A LINK almost connecting the present with the stormy times of '98 has been severed by the decease of this venerable and much loved lady which occurred on 27th October last in the Islandmagee home in which she was born nearly ninety years ago. For Miss Reid was niece to the ill-fated youth William Nelson, who was barbarously executed near his mother's door on 30th June, 1798, because he would not give information against persons implicated or whom it was desired to implicate, in the unhappy insurrection of the year named. He was only in the 17th year of his age, and Miss Reid told the writer that he and a brother who had only passed his 18th year were amusing themselves at a game of marbles in the yard of Carrick Castle when the order of doom arrived and the younger was taken and the elder left. With a savage cruelty reminding us of the execution of Rev. James Porter, of Greyabbey, which was carried out on a spot between his church and his home and visible from both, young Nelson was brought under an escort of soldiers with the local landlord accompanying, to the immediate neighbourhood of his home. His distracted mother, her grey hair streaming in the wind, flung herself in front of the landlord begging mercy for her child. Unlike Londonderry, who at least kept away from the dread scene of Porter's execution, this tyrant wished to glut his eyes with the terrible spectacle and swore violently at the poor mother to get out of his way or he would ride over her. There was no mercy, still less justice for the Ballycarry martyr though barely beyond his childhood and so the dread scene was enacted. Shortly after the tragic event a number of stout-hearted young men in mercy to the mother's feelings assembled in the night time, cut down the fatal tree, and secreted it in a bog not far distant, at which the local magnate was highly indignant.

As may be expected, the niece of such a heroic youth was dowered with "character." She was a highly intellectual woman, a diligent and thoughtful reader of works of philosophy and theology, clear in judgment, kind and friendly in her disposition, and having the ability of winning and retaining the affectionate respect of all with whom she came into contact. Many of her best friends had preceded her on 'the last

lone way,' such as Rev. Nixon Porter and Professor Samuel J. M'Mullan, but many good and true joined in the funeral procession, while those unable to attend through distance and shortness of notice sent tokens of affection, notably the family of late Rev. Nixon Porter. On Thursday, 29th October, her remains were laid beside the dust of her martyred uncle in old Ballycarry graveyard, Revs. W. G. Marsden and J. Kennedy performing the last sad offices of religion at the graveside.

Belfast.—First Church.—On Wednesday, November 4th, the Band of Hope held its Annual Soiree in the Central Hall, and the latter was responsible for a good attendance, not only of members but also of friends from the Congregation. After tea the President (the Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D.) was in the chair, and in his address spoke hopefully of the work of the session and appealed to the members to continue in well-doing. Mr. A. M'I. Cleland also addressed the meeting and gave several reasons why total abstinence should appeal to those interested in temperance reform. During the evening the business incidental to an annual meeting was interspersed with musical items contributed by Miss Morton and Messrs. M'Lean and Waugh. So heartily were these received that encores had to be given. Mrs. M'Lean accompanied the songs most efficiently. Altogether the Annual Soiree was a great success and augured well for a helpful session's work.

Holywood.—On Sunday, October 25th and Monday, October 26th, Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Holywood. The church was beautifully decorated and there were very large congregations at all the Services. It was gratifying to see many members of other Churches present. On Sunday morning, the Rev. W. E. Mellone, of Warrenpoint, preached on Thanksgiving, and on Sunday and Monday evenings suitable sermons were given by Rev. S. H. Mellone, M.A., D.Sc. The singing of the anthems and hymns was exceptionally good, the choir being augmented by a number of friends from Belfast and Lisburn. Solos in the anthems were well sung by Miss M. Greenfield and Mr. W. W. Coleman. At the Monday evening Service the Harvest Cantata, "O Give Thanks" (Jamouneau) was rendered, the organist for the occasion being Mr. J. H. M'Bratney, A.R.C.O., Organist of Lisburn Cathedral. The solos in the cantata were taken by Mrs. S. M'Crum, Miss L. B. Millar, Mr. James Shannon, and Mr. A. K. Harvey, all of whom sang with great taste and expression. Miss M'Kisack kindly contributed a solo, "Be Thou Patient," and needless to say this item was greatly enjoyed. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. W. J. Harvey, organist of the church, who took an immensity of trouble in training the choir and who was responsible for all the arrangements in connection with the musical part of the Services; he is to be congratulated on the successful way everything passed off.

The Annual Soiree in connection with the Holywood Total Abstinence Society was held on Tuesday evening, November 10th, in the schoolroom of the First Presbyterian (Non-Subscribing) Church. There was a large attendance including many members of other churches in the town. Tea was served from seven to eight o'clock, when the chair was taken by Mr. Richard Patterson, J.P. The Chairman in his remarks reminded those present that the Society under whose auspices they met was by far the oldest in the town, this being the sixty-seventh year of its existence. An attractive musical programme was provided, which included songs by Miss Magowan, Mr. James Shannon, and Mr. J. M. Henderson; recitations by Miss May Patterson; violin solos by Mr. Mitchell; bagpipes solos by Mr. A. Martin; pipe solos by Mr. G. Erskine; and a vocal trio by Messrs. Harvey, Hunter, and Shannon. Short addresses on temperance were given by Rev. G. J. Slipper, of Moneyrea, and Rev. S. W. Chambers, of Bangor Road Presbyterian Church. At the conclusion, Dr. Mellone

moved a vote of thanks to all those who had helped to make the meeting so successful and enjoyable.

Moira.—On Sunday, 8th November, we held our Harvest Thanksgiving Services, in the morning conducted by the Minister and in the evening by Rev. S. Evans Bowen, who drove with a number of friends the eleven miles from Crumlin. The old Meeting House was filled with a well pleased congregation. A pleasant little surprise was set up by two little sons of the treasurer, Mr. W. J. Agnew, one eight, the other six years of age, who, on their own initiative, gathered up quantities of horse-chestnuts, bored holes through them, and made a garland of them, which was hung in graceful festoons from end to end of the gallery. Thus it became a conspicuous feature, and formed the subject of many remarks about the steadfast perseverance of such a pair of determined young helpers, who had a mind to do what they could. Miss Cooksey, who came with other friends from Belfast, sang two solos. The hymns were well rendered by the augmented choir, under Miss Weatherall, the organist.

Templepatrick.—On Friday evening, 6th November, a large and enthusiastic gathering of the members and friends of the Old Presbyterian Church, Templepatrick, was held in the Roughfort National School. The nature of the meeting was Conversazione, and the occasion of it a presentation to Mr. Arthur M'Keown, recently married, who had for many years, served the congregation in the capacity of Secretary. With few exceptions every family was represented, one old-time member being present from Paris and another from San Francisco. The completest good-fellowship pervaded a meeting which served the treble purpose of presentation, re-union, and declaration of loyalty to every aspect of our cause in Templepatrick. A very comfortable tea was presented by the following ladies:—Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Birkmyre, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. M'Keown, Miss Alexander, the Misses Moore, and Miss Parker; and these ladies also served the tea shortly after 7 o'clock. After tea the Chairman (Rev. A. Turner) gave a hearty welcome to all present and then, one or two songs having been sung and some conversation held, he proceeded to the chief item of interest on the programme, viz., the presentation. In the course of his remarks the Chairman pointed out what an important part Mr. M'Keown had played in the building of a new manse, the renovation of the church, and the re-building of the school-house in which that meeting was being held; and he furthermore indicated that not only had Mr. M'Keown done what he could to establish the material well-being of the congregation, but that he had also striven to help its spiritual life. The present, a handsome tea and coffee service on server, the spontaneous gift of the members of the church, was then handed over with every good wish for future happiness and prosperity. Mr. M'Keown suitably replied basing all his work on his love for his church and thanking the congregation for their very beautiful gift to him, and for their cordial reception of his wife. Mr. A. Birkmyre dwelt at length on a long and honourable line of secretaries who had served the church; and Mr. John Moore, the present secretary, in a vigorous speech declared first, in view of that handsome present, that to get married and resign was the correct thing to do; and second, that pending that important step in his life he would keep his eye on the church property which Mr. M'Keown had left in such good condition. Messrs. Parkes, Molyneaux, Caruth, and Meharg contributed the musical programme in a very pleasing manner. All joined heartily in singing "Auld Lang Syne"; and the Benediction brought a very memorable meeting to a close.

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